

**FIRST**  
COMICS  
DELUXE SERIES

MAY \$1.75  
NO. 11  
\$2.45 CANADA

# BADGER

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By RICHARD M. O'CONNELL



# Dear LARRY,:

C/O FIRST COMICS  
435 N. LASALLE  
CHICAGO IL  
60610

Dear Nature Lovers:

Love the Badger. My favorite comic along with Nexus. Funny, intriguing, every issue a surprise.

However, misspellings are getting out of hand. Last panel, page 7: "Chief" and "deputies" (no apostrophe). There are others, and brush up on your commas. My wife also notes the lady above would not have her wedding ring on her right hand, nor on her first two fingers. But cheer up, she reads Badger, and she hates comics!

C. Emery  
Campbell Mill Road  
Mason, NH 03033

*The woman in question was, in fact, extremely stupid and frequently attempted to jam her wedding ring onto both incorrect fingers of the incorrect hand simultaneously. But what did you expect from someone who sticks her hands into the mouths of live jaguars?*

*As for the spelling errors, it was actually supposed to read "Chef" Ferguson, a vigilante caterer well known throughout the midwest.*

Dear Mr. Baron:

As an animal rights activist, I loved the way you handled the escape and recapture of the jaguars in "Hot August Night." As usual, everything was very understated, but this issue was full of more messages than any that preceded it.

I am too awestruck by this issue to make specific comments, as there is too much to comment on. The dialogue was realistic, humorous and flawless in every detail. The artwork has improved immensely, with some help from Linda Lessmann's moody coloring. I am amazed at how much you accomplished in 28 pages; more than most Marvel and DC comics accomplish in 28 issues!

The only specific comment I have is about Connie. You have got to make her at least a semi-regular supporting character! Coming from anyone else, I would take the dialogue as anti-feminist/anti-ecologist/anti-gay, etc., but I know from the context that you're making fun *with*, without making fun *of*.

One last request: Make the Badger monthly — or else!

Mark H. Schneider  
95 Adams Street, Apt. 16  
Waltham, MA 02154

Okay.

Dear Mike:

Hey, this comic is really funny! I really love it when the Badger kicks someone's butt. But what had me going on issue #9 was the lady on page 7 who had some of

her fingers bit off! Haw-haw! Talk about biting the hand that feeds you! Get it?

If you haven't guessed by now, the above paragraph should be taken in the drippingly sarcastic tone in which it was intended. What worries me is that you might get some letters similar in content but sincere in tone.

Re-reading the fifth panel, I can't see that anything other than a humorous response was intended. I assume that it's supposed to be funny that the woman is more concerned with losing her wedding ring than two of her fingers. Is this supposed to be an offhand (no pun intended) swipe at the materialistic 80s? If that's all there is to it, I am not amused, and I suspect there are not a few who agree with me.

I don't object to the violence per se, just the gratuitous use of it. When I read a Badger story, I expect to see some lunacy, mysticism, martial arts, and, of course, violence. If I must delineate my feelings on handling violence in a story, they are: 1) It should be an essential part of the story; 2) If you show violent acts, depict them realistically and follow-up on their consequences.



I realize that you were trying to continue in the vein of violent black humor that has been the series' trademark since the first issue. When writing this book, you tread a very fine line between the bounds of humor, violence, realism and good/bad taste. Up until now, you've been doing an

admirable job; but I'm afraid that if this sample is indication, you're beginning to lose your balance.

Matt Lehman  
278 Lowell Road  
Sayville, NY 11782

*I'm sorry I couldn't run your letter in its entirety, Matt — it was well written and extremely thought provoking. We often do tread a "very fine line," and it's good to be reminded from time to time.*

—Rick Oliver



**NEXT MONTH:** Yes. We said next month, and we mean it, too! The Badger and Ham have a showdown with the Hodag and his new boss, Lord Weterlackus. **Mike Baron** and **Bill Reinhold** bring you **Badger #12** in **thirty days!**

**Rick Obadiah, Publisher**

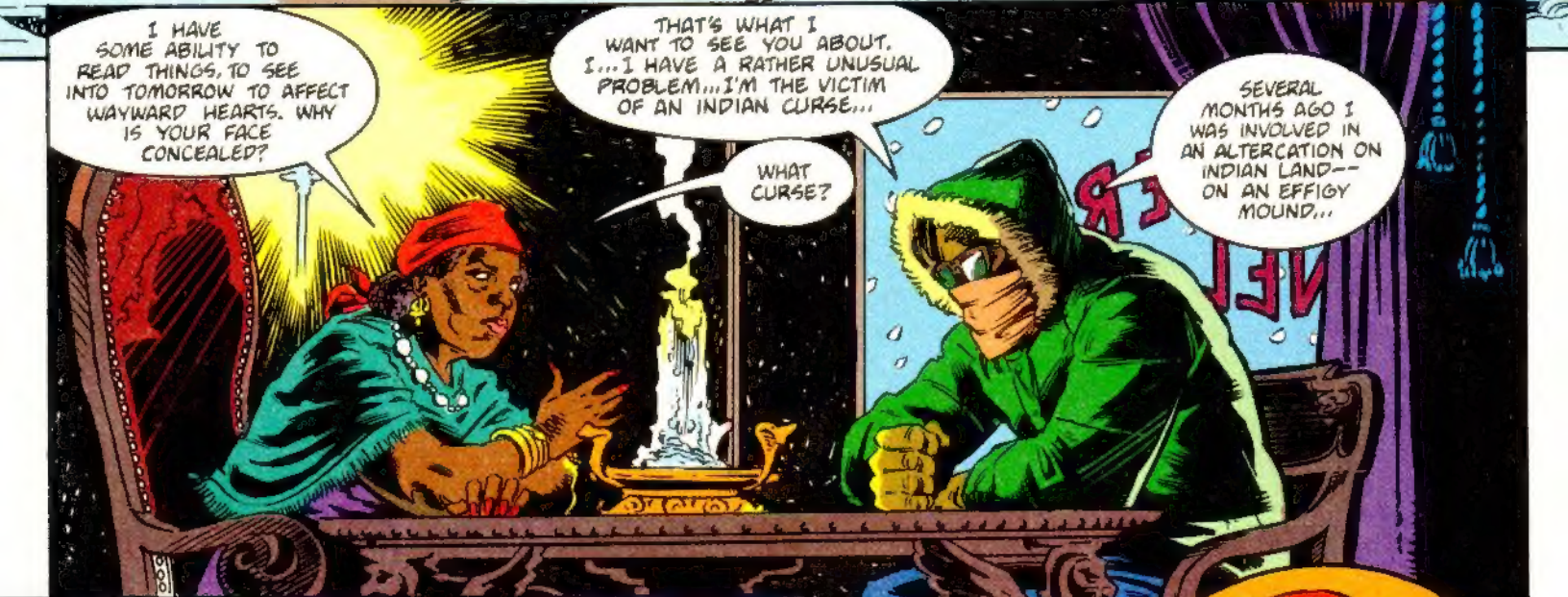
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MIKE BARON WRITER  
BILL REINHOLD PENCILLER  
KEITH WILSON INKER  
LINDA LESSMANN COLORIST  
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER  
MIKE GOLD EDITOR

# SHELL SHOCK





LORD GOD  
ALMIGHTY--I AIN'T  
NEVER SEEN THE LIKE!  
YOU JUST KEEP YOUR  
DISTANCE, MISTER  
CARTER...



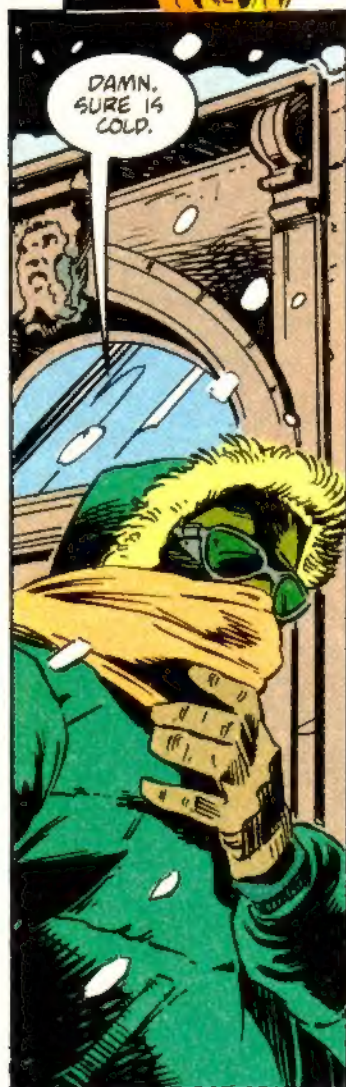
PLEASE!  
I'LL PAY! I'M A WEALTHY  
MAN! I'VE BEEN TO DOCTORS, TO  
CLINICS! THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN  
DO FOR ME! YOU'VE GOT  
TO HELP ME!



I  
CAN'T...  
BUT I  
HEAR OF A MAN  
IN BARNEVELD--A  
POWERFUL SORCEROR.  
I CAN TELL YOU  
HOW TO FIND  
HIM...



THANKS.



DAMN.  
SURE IS  
COLD.



MAKES MY  
SKIN CRAWL,  
HAVING TO DEAL  
WITH HER  
KIND.



HEY  
BROTHER--WAIT  
UP...

YOU  
GOT A  
LIGHT?





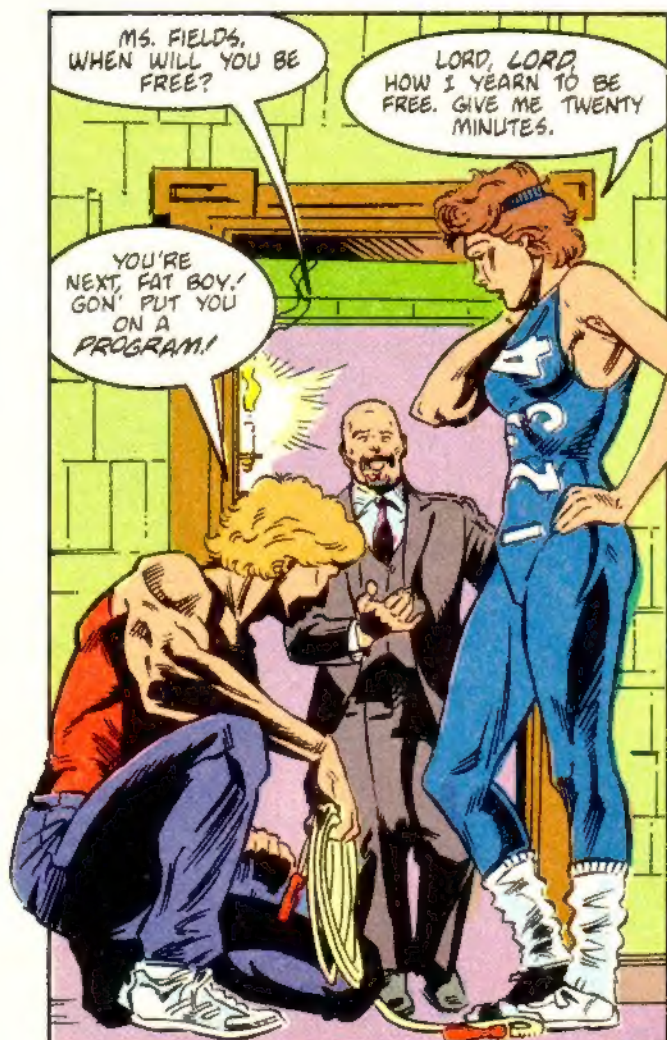












MS. FIELDS,  
WHEN WILL YOU BE  
FREE?

LORD, LORD  
HOW I YEARN TO BE  
FREE. GIVE ME TWENTY  
MINUTES.

YOU'RE  
NEXT, FAT BOY!  
GON' PUT YOU  
ON A  
PROGRAM!



**ZOUNDS!**  
ARE YOU ADDRESSING  
ME, SIR? I ASSURE YOU, I AM  
IN SUPERB SHAPE FOR A MAN  
OF MY AGE, WHICH IS IN EXCESS  
OF 500...YES! IN EXCESS  
OF 500, SIR!



WANNA  
SEE YOU AT  
7:30 SHARP,  
LARRY! WE'LL  
START WITH SOME  
STRETCHING  
EXERCISES.

ATTEMPT  
TO ALTER MY  
BAD HABITS,  
SIR, AND I  
SHALL TURN  
YOU INTO A  
TORTOISE.



THE MAN IS  
ALL EXCESS AND  
NO INDULGENCE! A  
RASH ON HIM AND  
HIS EXERCISE! LET  
HIM THRASH ABOUT  
IF HE MUST, BUT HE  
SHOULD LEAVE  
DECENT PEOPLE  
ALONE.

PEOPLE NEED  
TO EXERCISE.

ET TU,  
BRUTE?  
ENOUGH!  
ASSETS,  
PLEASE.



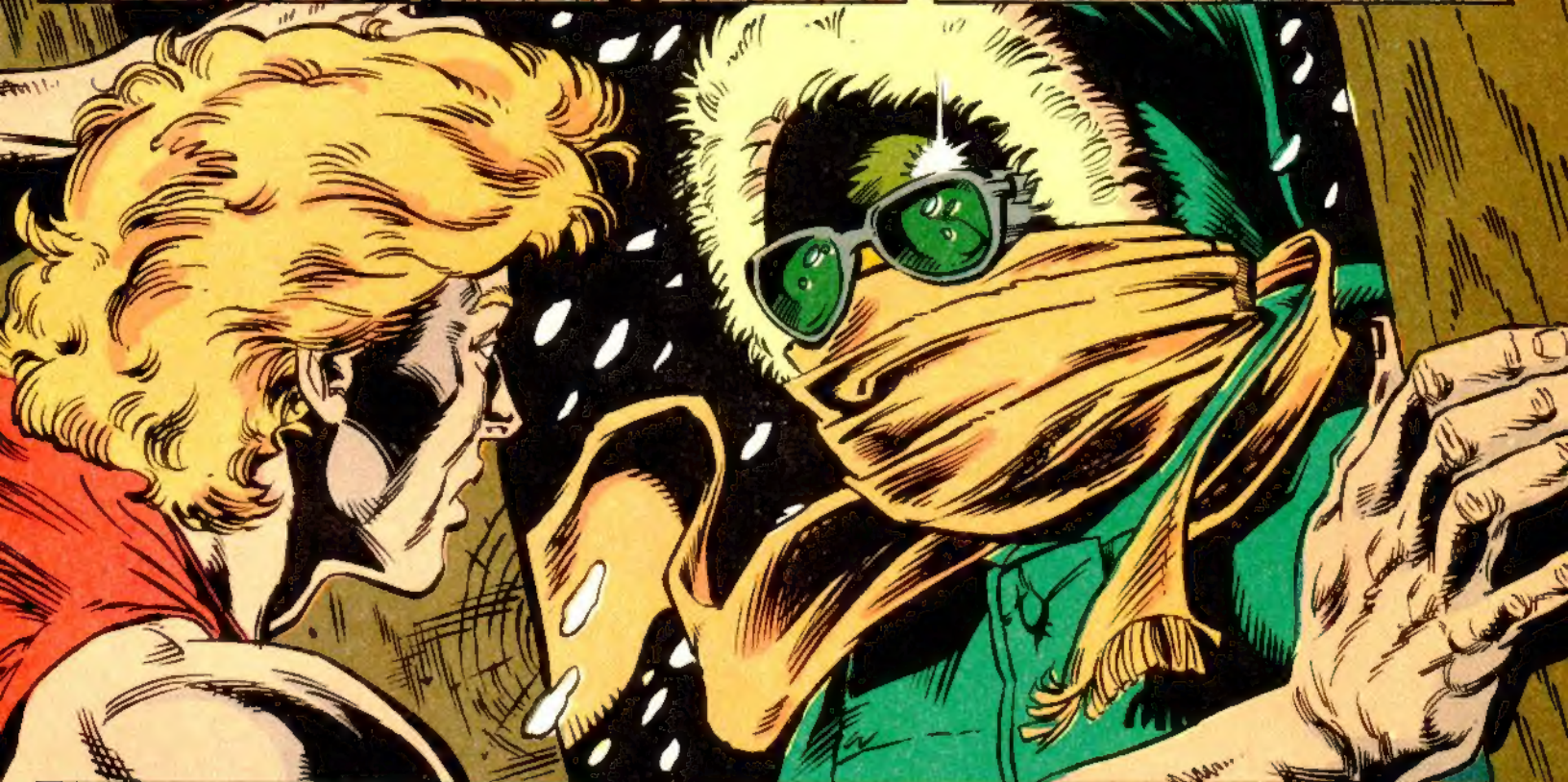
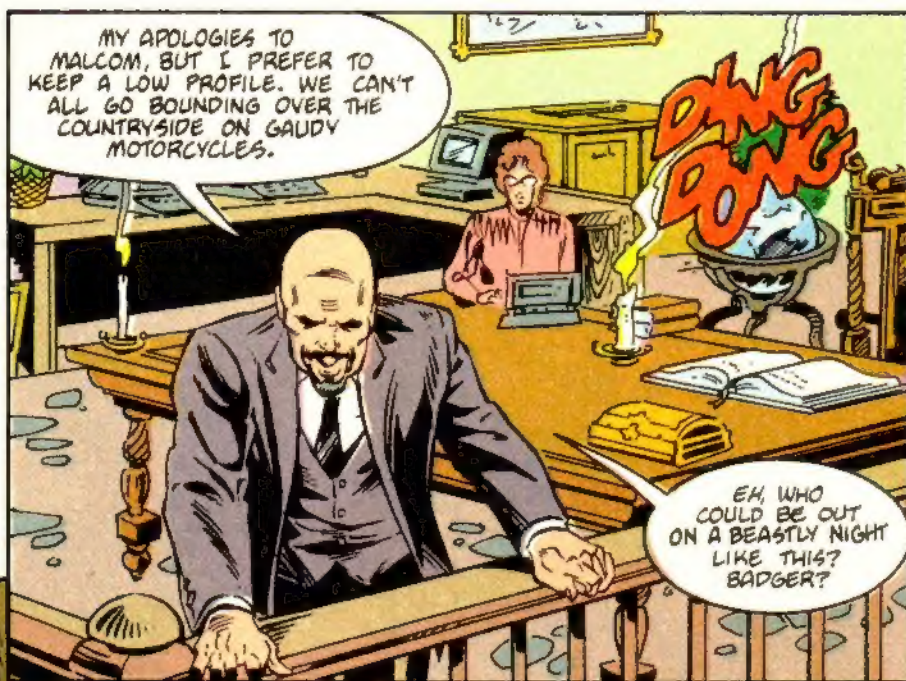
AS OF MARKET  
CLOSING TODAY, YOU'RE  
WAY AHEAD. YOU'VE GOT OVER  
\$5 MILLION IN LIQUID  
ASSETS. THE MARKET  
QUOTE IS VERY  
HEALTHY.



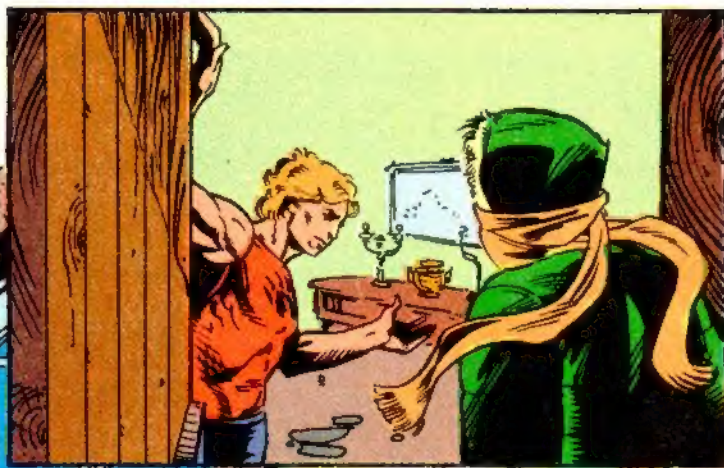
MONEY IS  
A FORM OF SORCERY,  
MS. FIELDS. IT APPEARS  
BLOODLESS, AND YET IT IS  
NOT. THE BLOOD IS SIMPLY  
SPILLED FAR AWAY,  
DOWN THE LINE.

WHAT ABOUT  
THAT WRITER FROM FORBES?  
MALCOM FORBES PHONED  
PERSONALLY REQUESTING AN  
INTERVIEW.

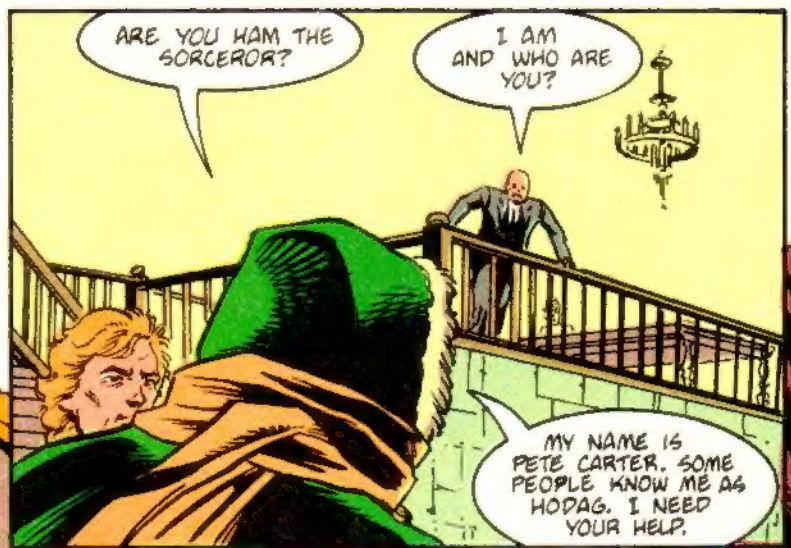








HAM'S INNER CHAMBERS.



ARE YOU HAM THE SORCEROR?

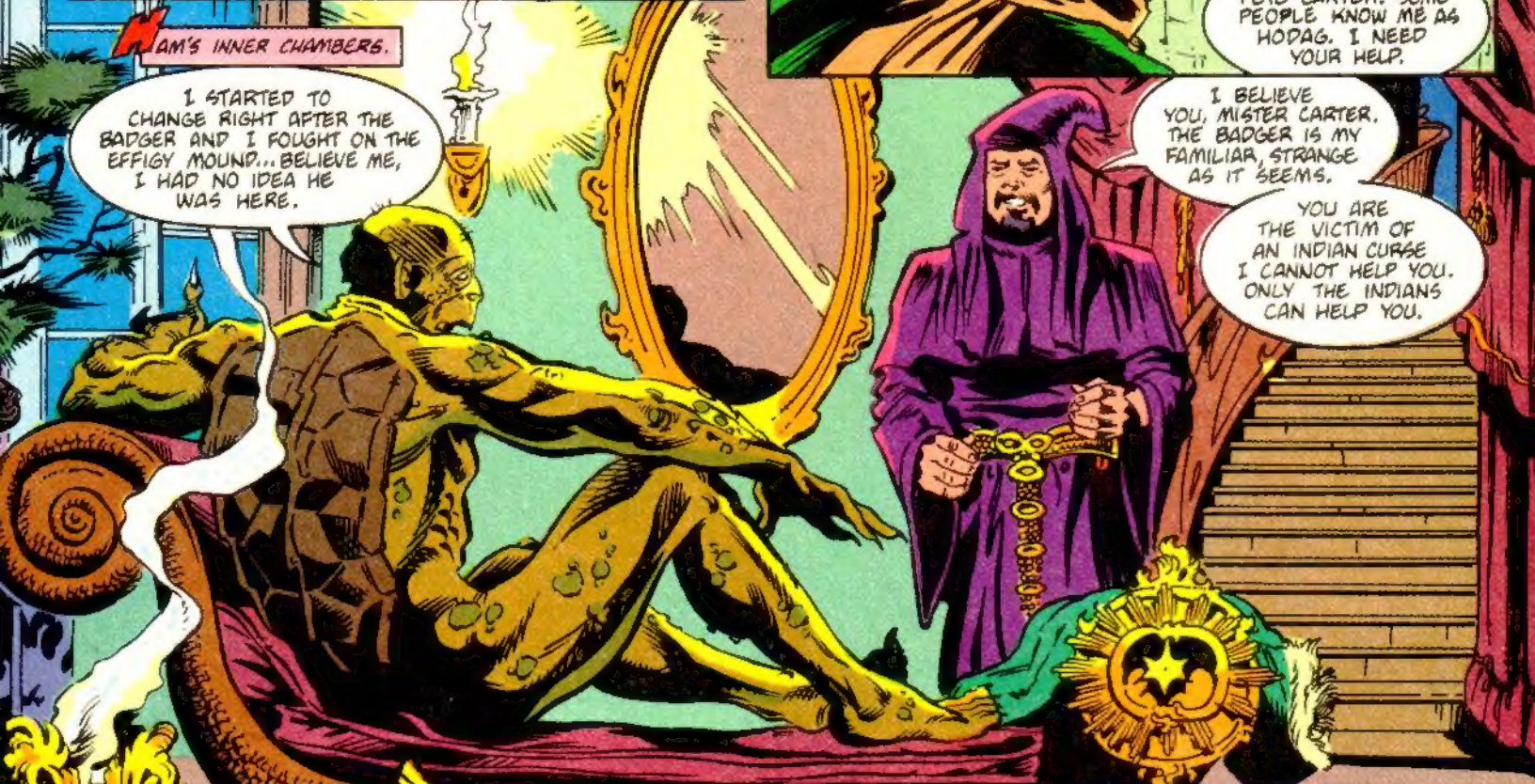
I AM AND WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS PETE CARTER. SOME PEOPLE KNOW ME AS HODAG. I NEED YOUR HELP.

I STARTED TO CHANGE RIGHT AFTER THE BADGER AND I FOUGHT ON THE EFFIGY MOUND... BELIEVE ME, I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS HERE.

I BELIEVE YOU, MISTER CARTER. THE BADGER IS MY FAMILIAR, STRANGE AS IT SEEMS.

YOU ARE THE VICTIM OF AN INDIAN CURSE. I CANNOT HELP YOU. ONLY THE INDIANS CAN HELP YOU.



YOU DON'T MIND IF I BLEED A LITTLE IN HERE, DO YOU?

THE INDIANS?! THEY'LL NEVER HELP ME! THEY HATE MY GUTS! AND I HATE THEIR GUTS! I'M DOOMED. DOOMED TO GO THROUGH LIFE A... A FREAK!



UUGH!

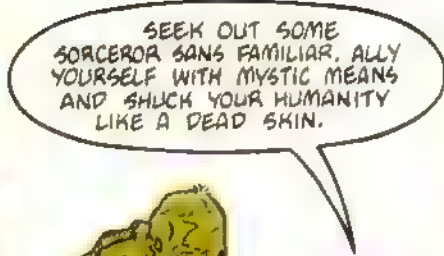
SNAP!





IT SEEMS YOUR CONDITION  
CONFERS UNEXPECTED DIVIDENDS,  
HODAG. TAKE MY ADVICE--MAKE THE  
BEST OF THIS NOT ALTOGETHER  
DISAGREEABLE SITUATION.

YOU ARE A  
FIERCE WARRIOR. YOU  
EVEN MANAGED TO BEAT THE  
BADGER. I SALUTE YOU.  
BUT YOU ARE A FAMILIAR  
WITHOUT A SPONSOR.

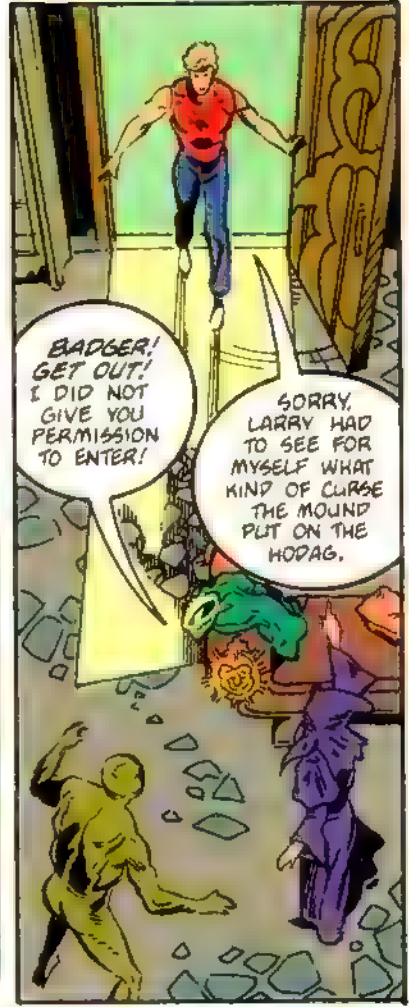


SEEK OUT SOME  
SORCEROR SANS FAMILIAR. ALLY  
YOURSELF WITH MYSTIC MEANS  
AND SHUCK YOUR HUMANITY  
LIKE A DEAD SKIN.



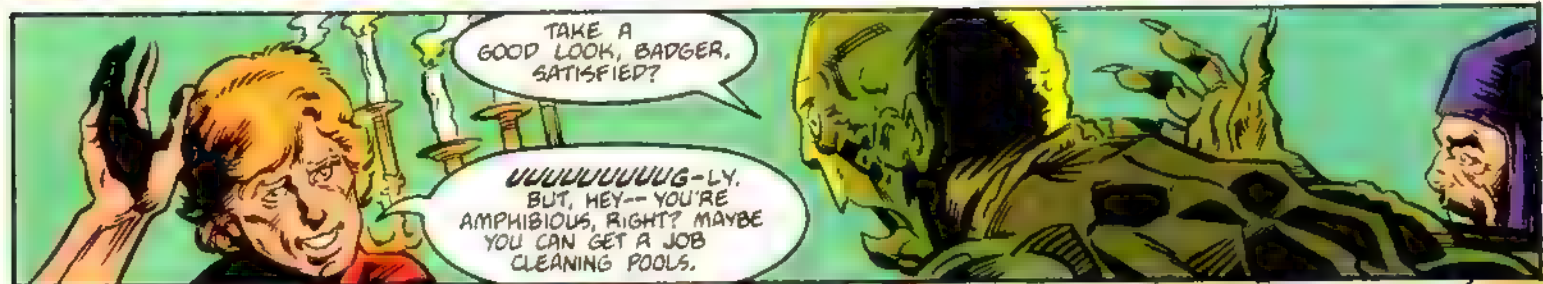
BUT...  
HOW WILL I  
FIND ANOTHER  
SORCEROR?

PLACE AN AD  
IN THE NEWSPAPER. OR  
CHECK THE PERSONALS. YOU'D  
BE SURPRISED



BADGER!  
GET OUT!  
I DID NOT  
GIVE YOU  
PERMISSION  
TO ENTER!

SORRY,  
LARRY HAD  
TO SEE FOR  
MYSELF WHAT  
KIND OF CURSE  
THE MOUND  
PUT ON THE  
HODAG.



TAKE A  
GOOD LOOK, BADGER.  
SATISFIED?

UUUUUUUUUG--LY.  
BUT, HEY-- YOU'RE  
AMPHIBIOUS, RIGHT? MAYBE  
YOU CAN GET A JOB  
CLEANING POOLS.

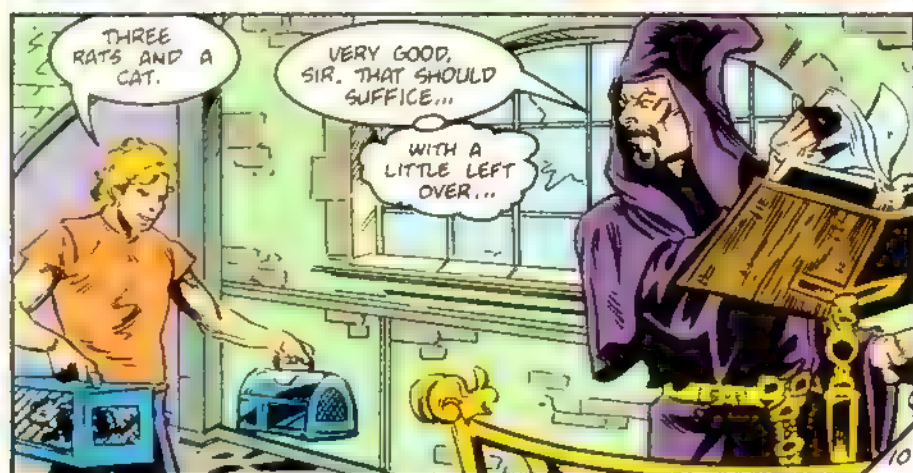
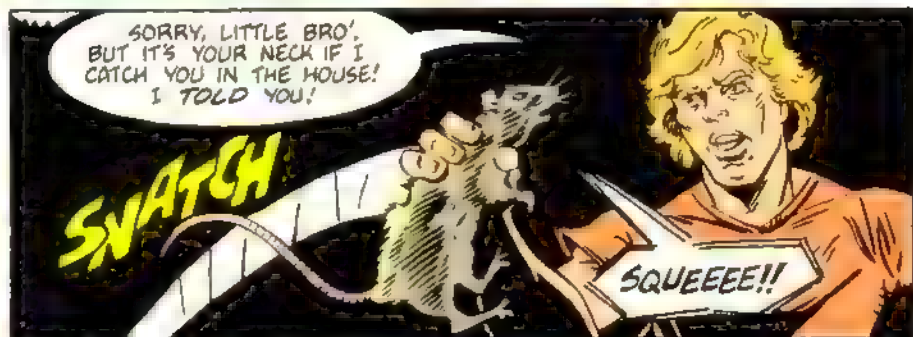
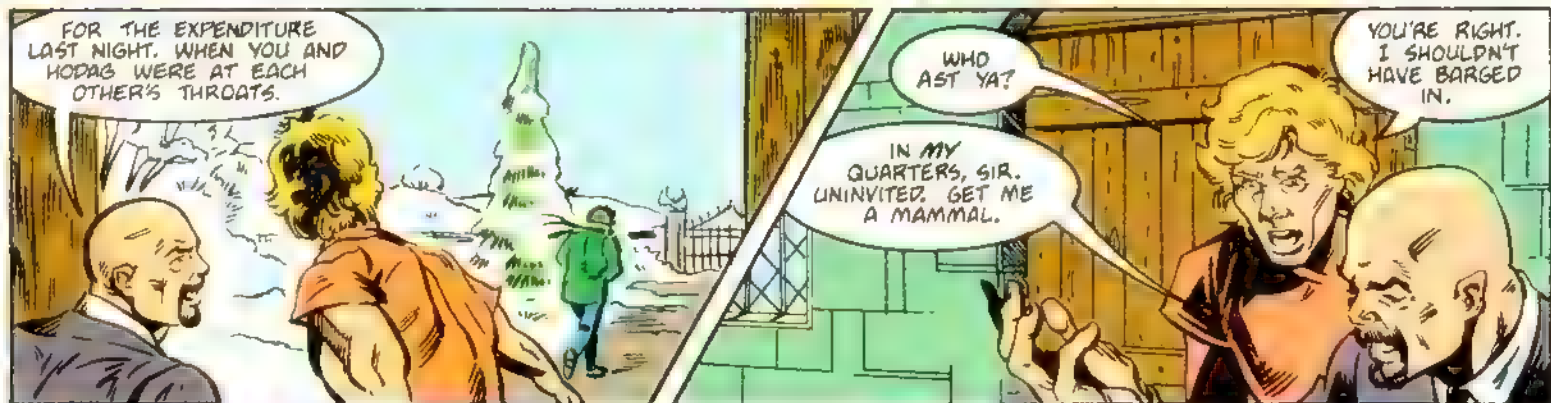
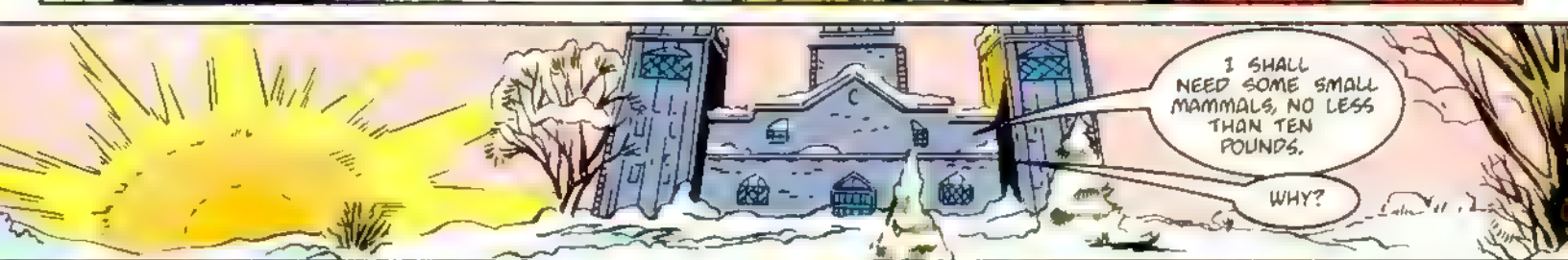


CEASE!



CEASE!  
THERE SHALL BE  
NO BRAWL IN  
HERE!

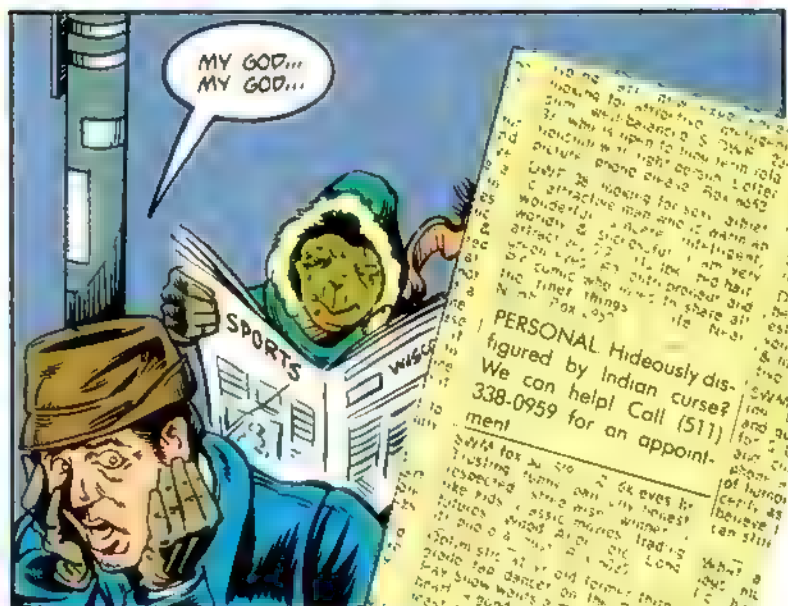
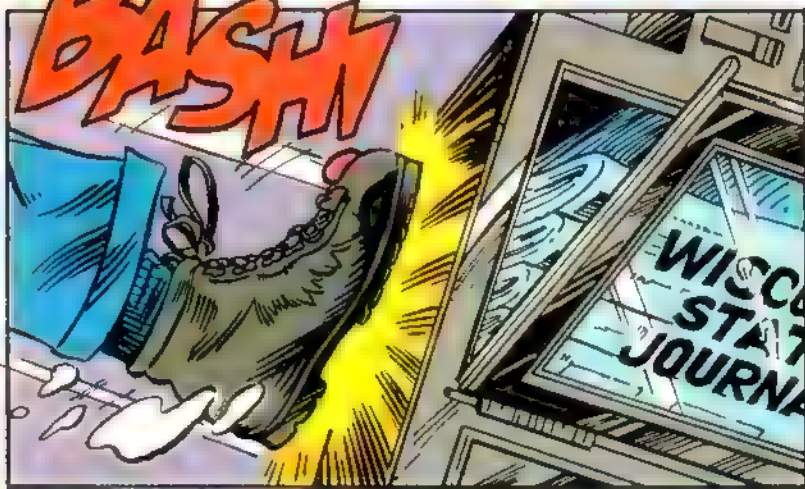




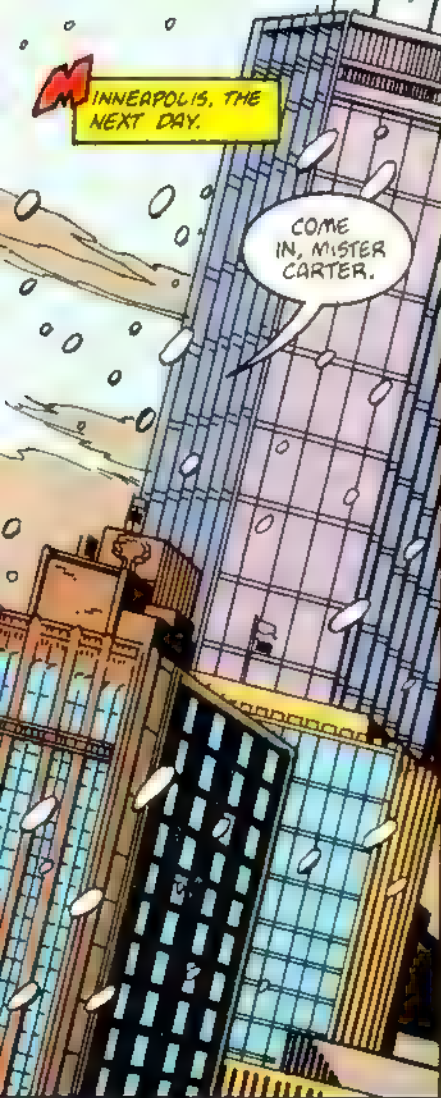






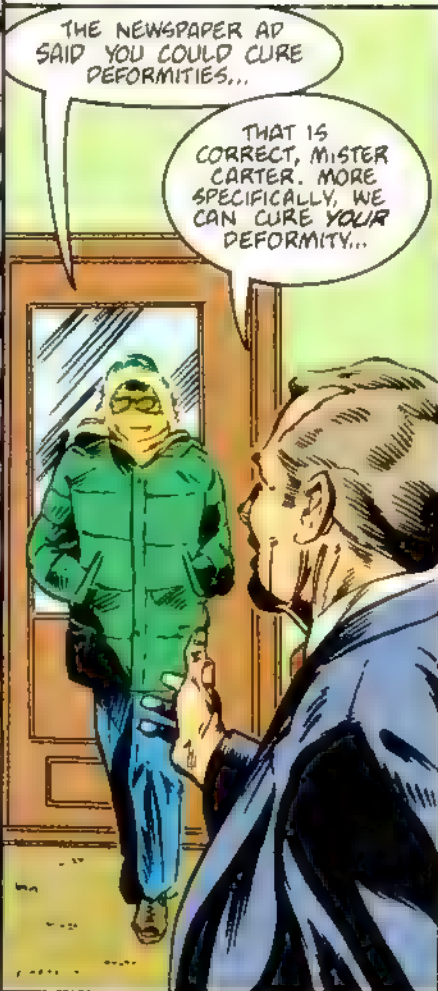






MINNEAPOLIS, THE NEXT DAY.

COME IN, MISTER CARTER.



THE NEWSPAPER AD SAID YOU COULD CURE DEFORMITIES...

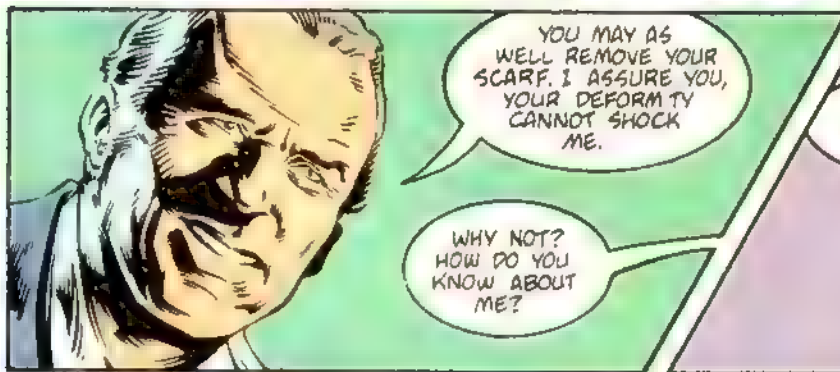
THAT IS CORRECT, MISTER CARTER. MORE SPECIFICALLY, WE CAN CURE YOUR DEFORMITY...



MY NAME IS CARRUTHERS. WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR SOME TIME...

US? WHO IS WE?

MY EMPLOYER, WHOM YOU WILL MEET SHORTLY.



YOU MAY AS WELL REMOVE YOUR SCARF. I ASSURE YOU, YOUR DEFORMITY CANNOT SHOCK ME.

WHY NOT? HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?



IS... IS THERE REALLY A COMMUNIST-JEWISH CONSPIRACY?



I WOULDN'T KNOW, MISTER CARTER. ASK MY EMPLOYER. SHOULD YOU MEET HIM.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "SHOULD?" YOU SAID THE AD WAS MEANT FOR ME ALONE!

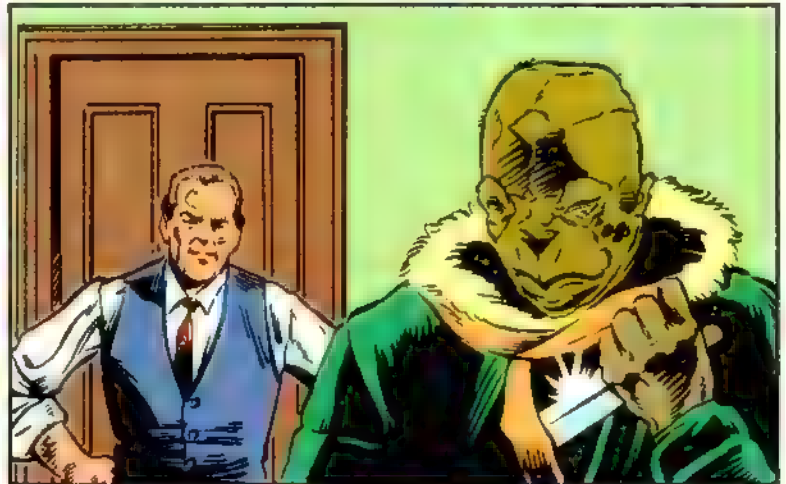
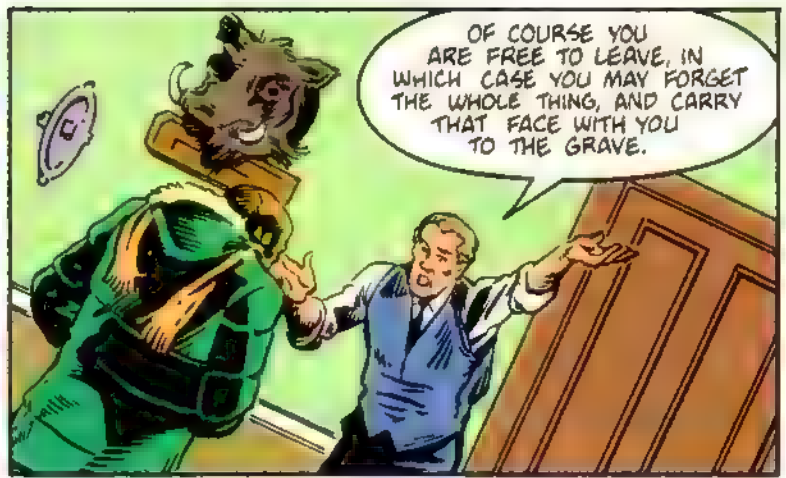
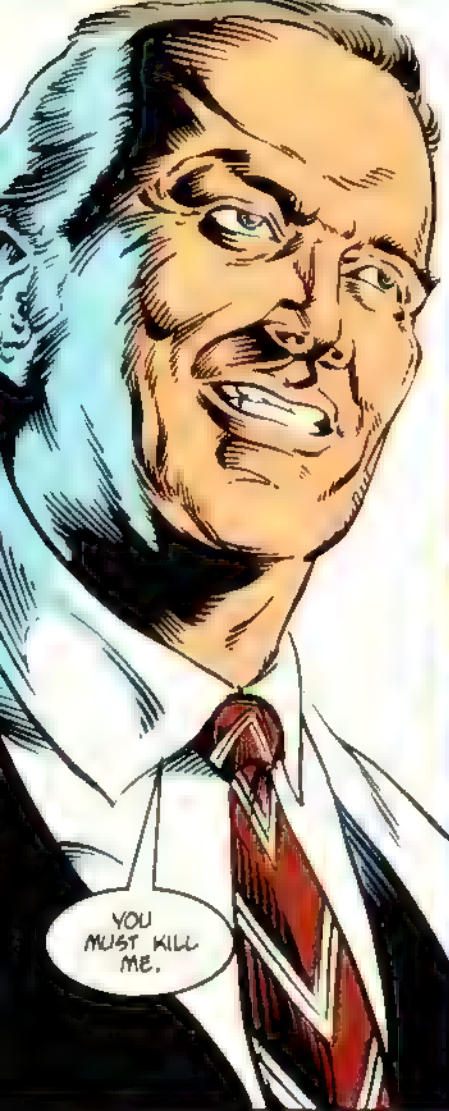


A SMALL TEST. CALL IT PART OF THE INTERVIEW. HE IS WAITING FOR YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET PAST ME.

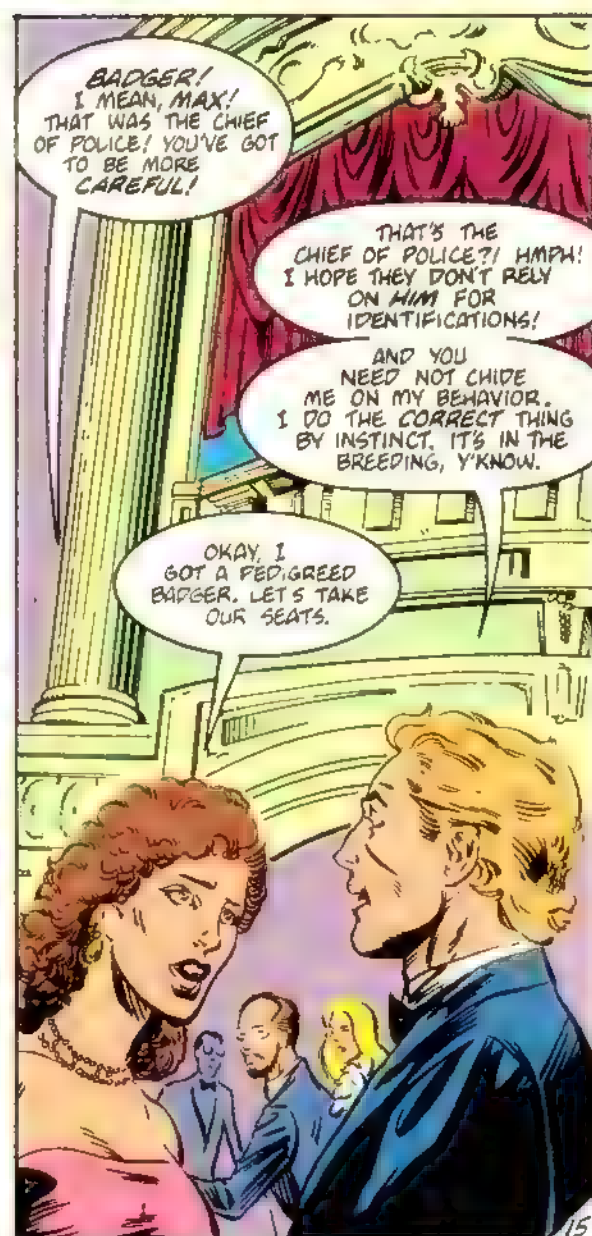
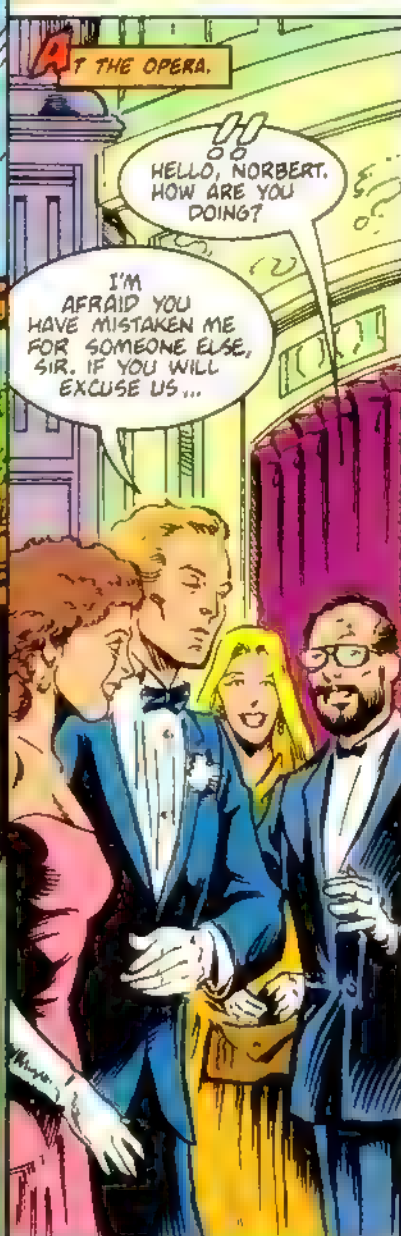
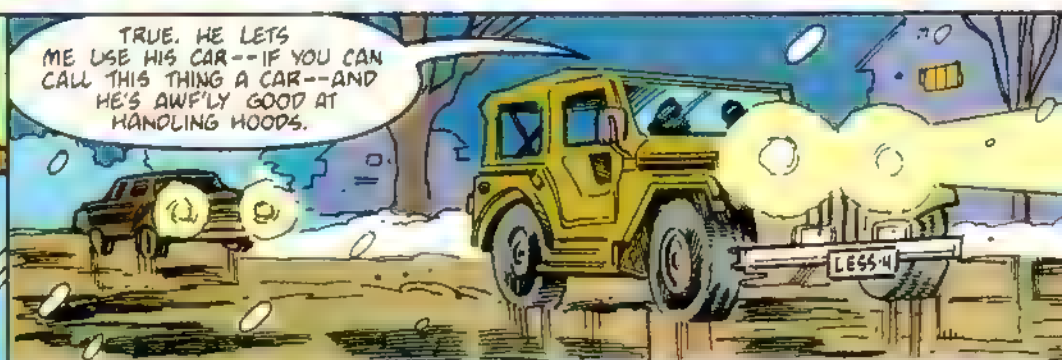
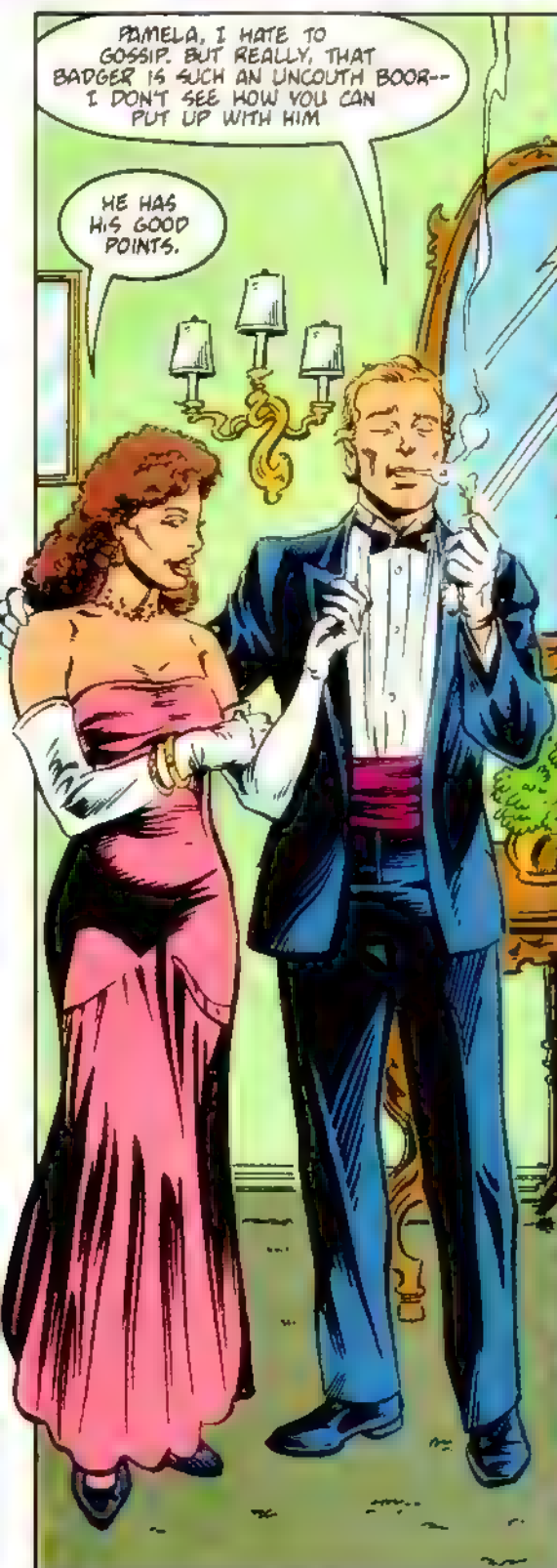
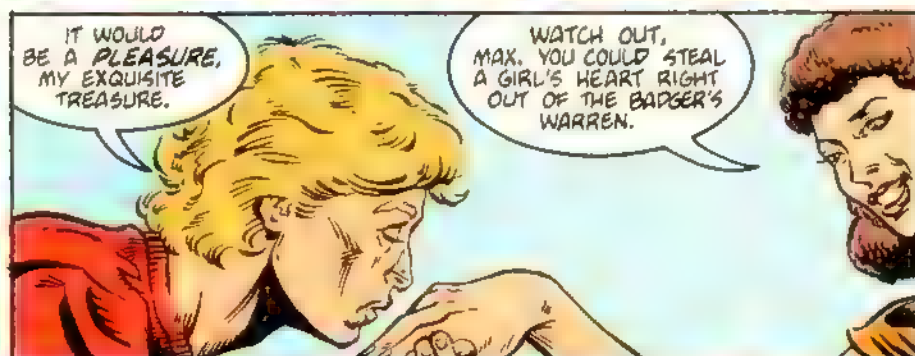
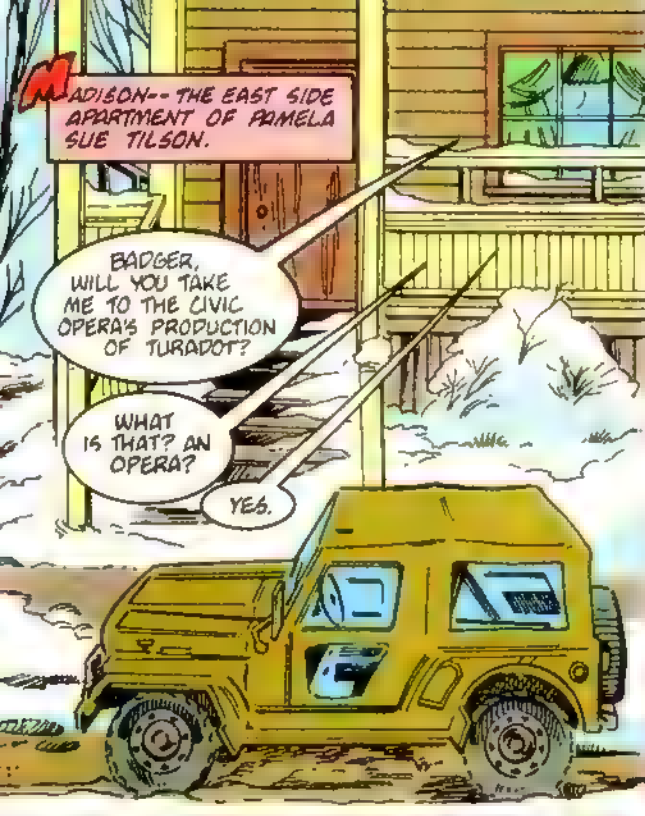
WHAT DO YOU MEAN GET PAST YOU?

I MEAN...

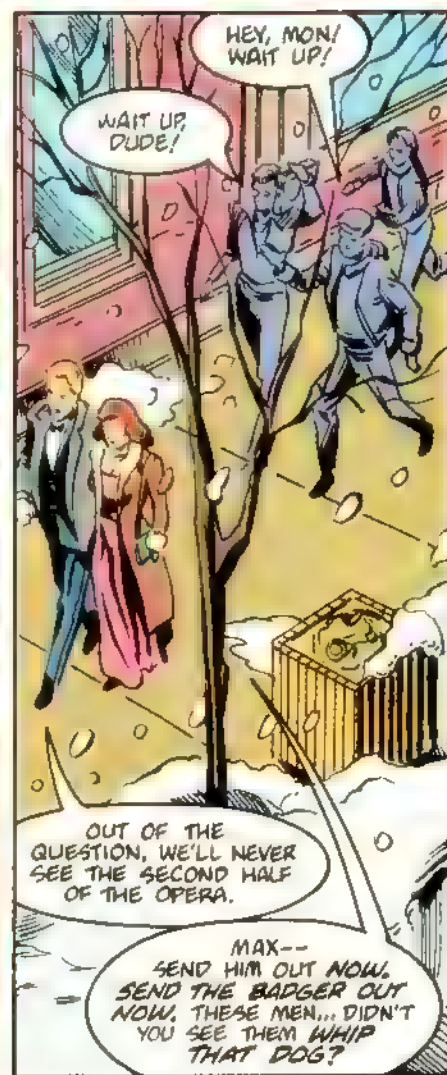
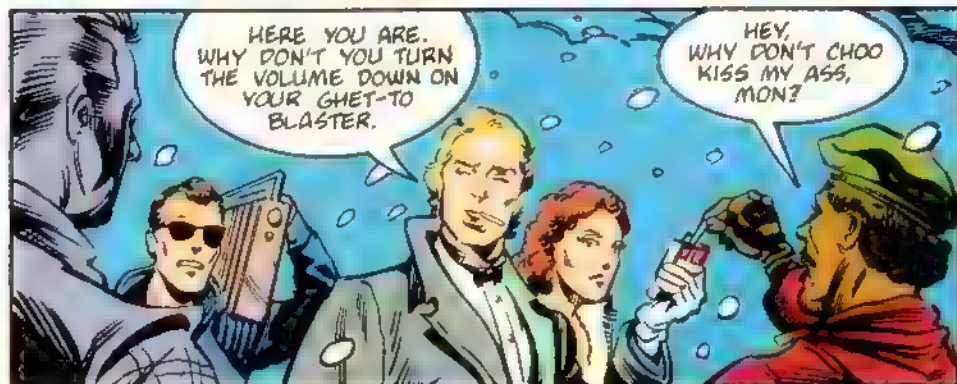
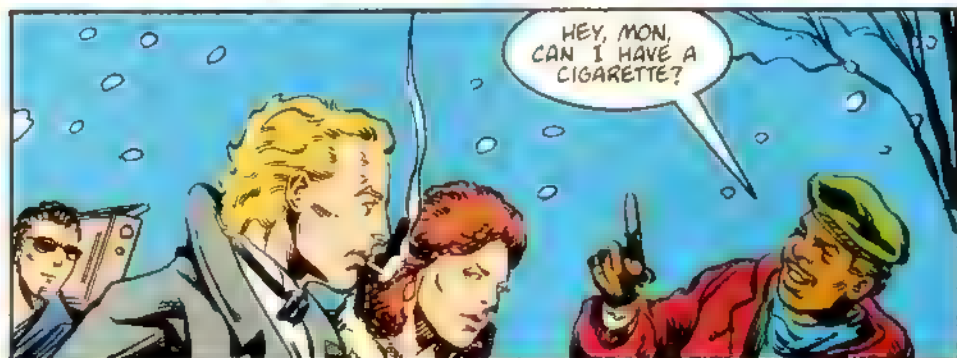
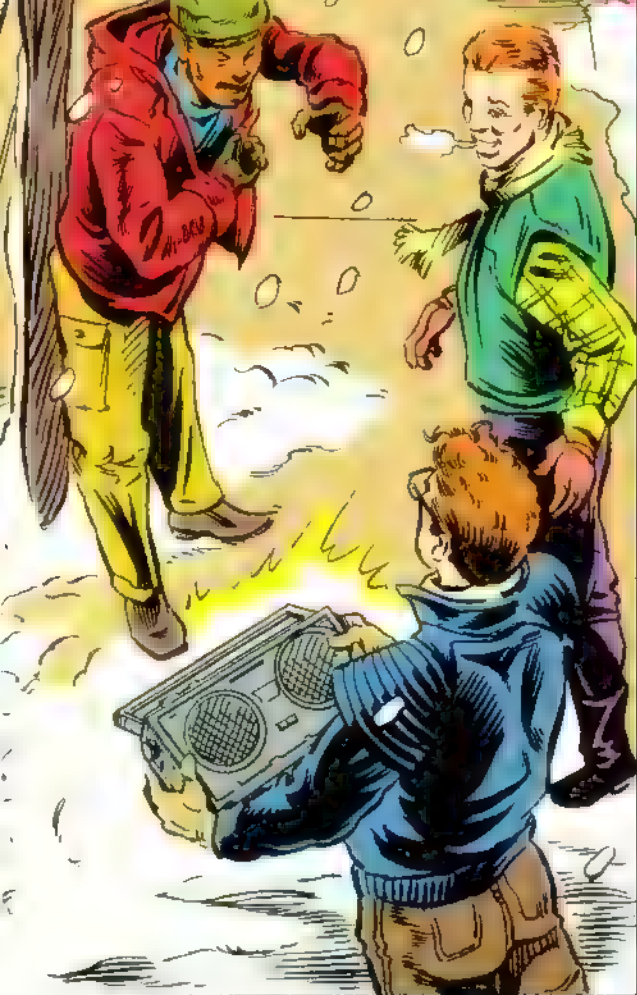
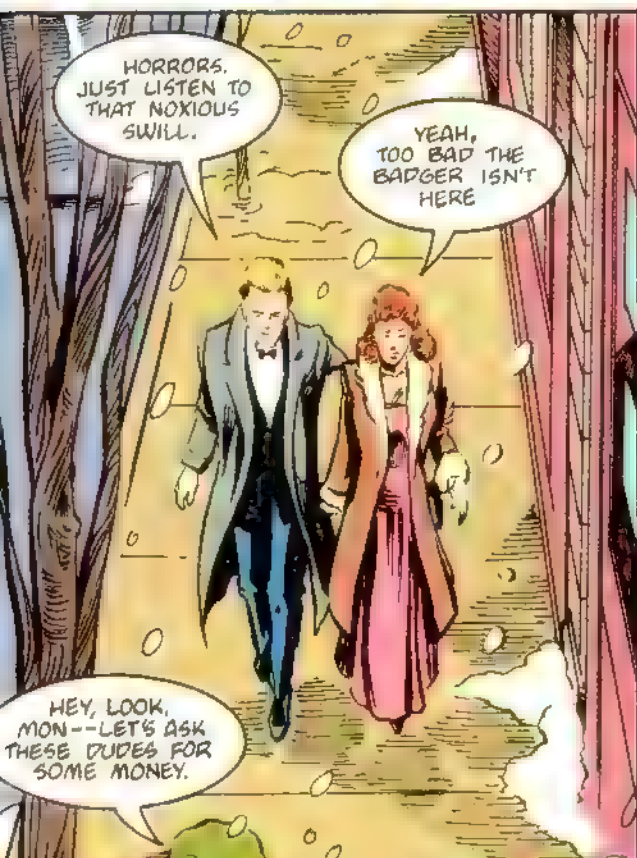
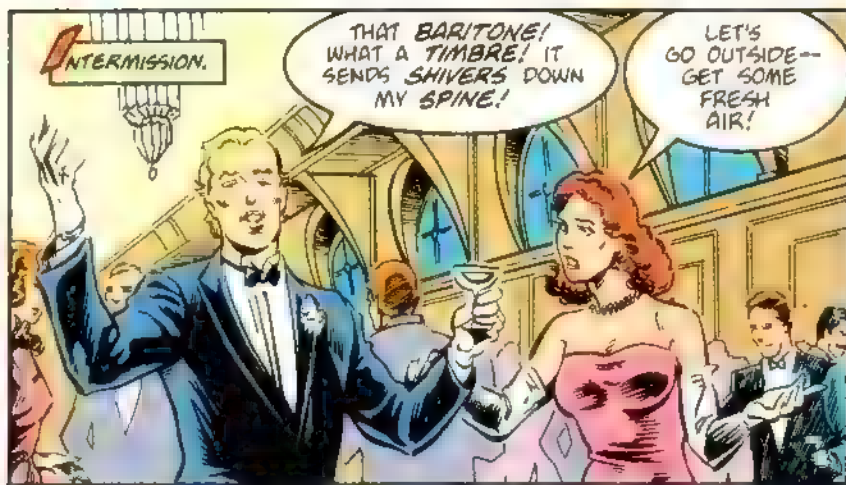




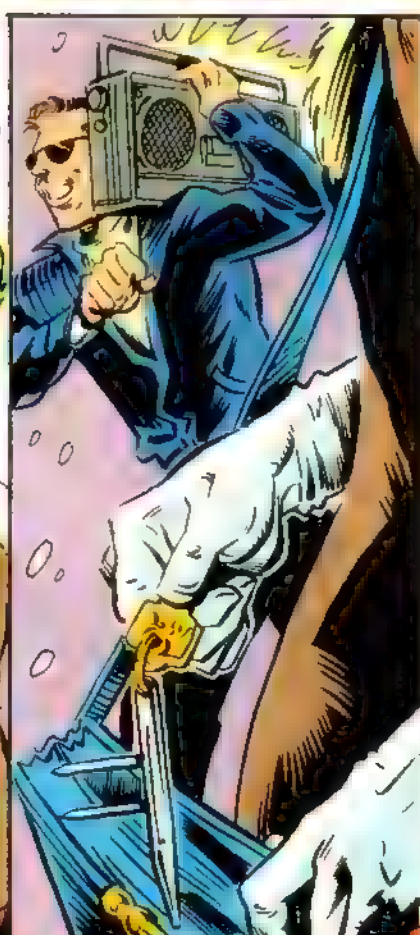














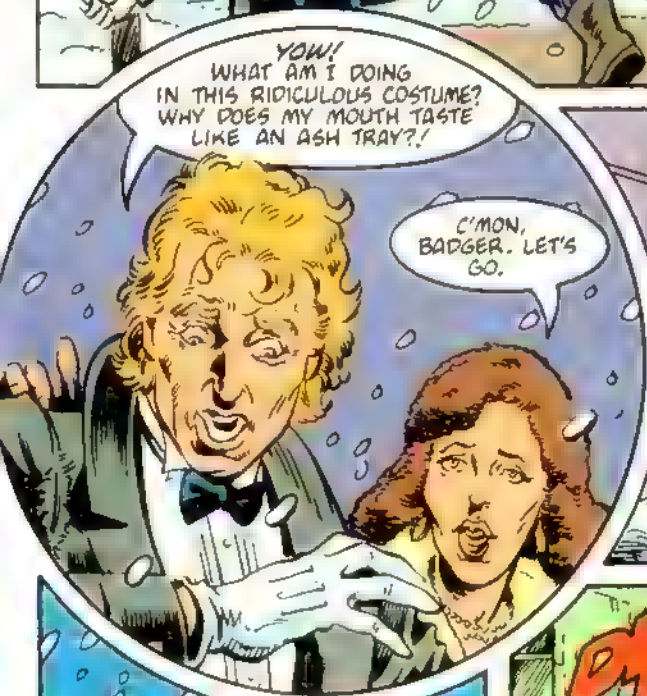


YOW! I GET IN A RHYTHM AND JUST CAN'T STOP MYSELF!

REALLY? YOU WEREN'T ABOUT TO JUMP US?

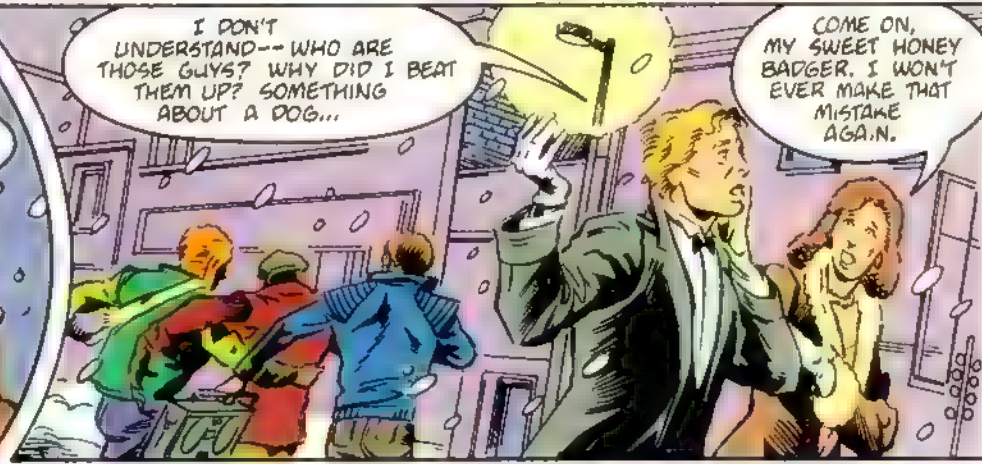
HEY, LISTEN, LADY-- SOMETIMES YOU JUST GET CAUGHT UP IN SOMETHING, Y'KNOW? I WOULDN'T JUMP YOU.

AND LOOK AT MY BOOM BOX. YOU KILLED IT!



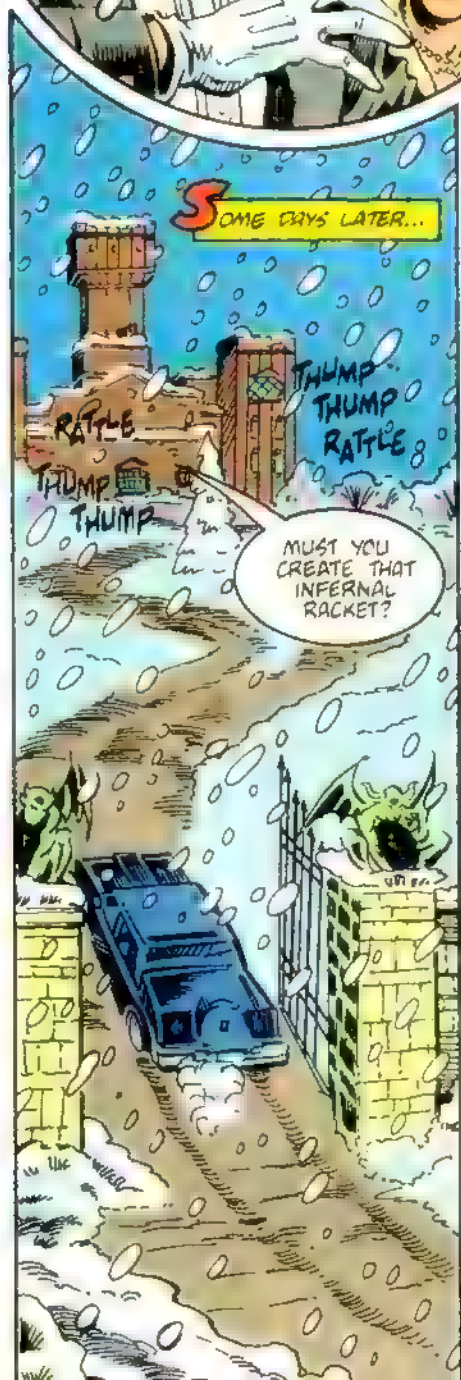
YOW! WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS RIDICULOUS COSTUME? WHY DOES MY MOUTH TASTE LIKE AN ASH TRAY?!

C'MON, BADGER. LET'S GO.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- WHO ARE THOSE GUYS? WHY DID I BEAT THEM UP? SOMETHING ABOUT A DOG...

COME ON, MY SWEET HONEY BADGER. I WON'T EVER MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN.



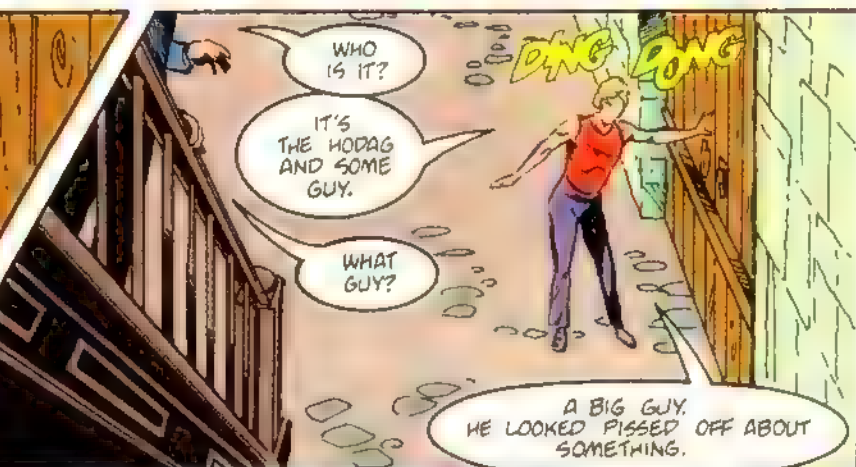
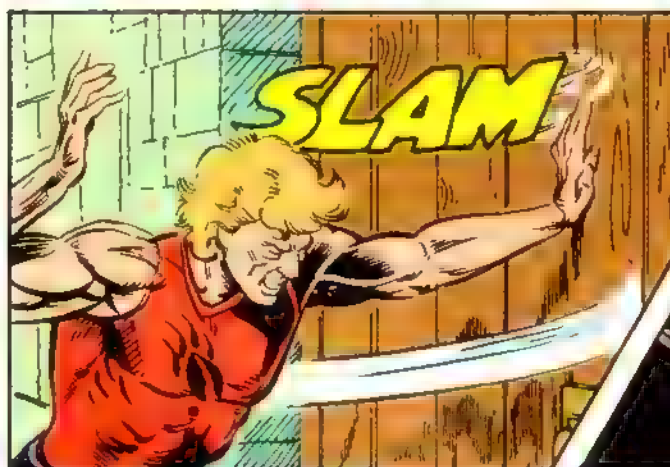
SOME DAYS LATER...

MUST YOU CREATE THAT INFERNAL RACKET?



ZOUNDS! WHAT MANNER OF CRETIN IS CIRCULATING ON A NIGHT LIKE TONIGHT? WE'RE IN THE MIDST OF A BLIZZARD! SEE WHO IT IS, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW.









YOU DON'T  
RECOGNIZE  
MY BOSS,  
HAM?

NO,  
WHY  
SHOULD  
I?



I  
THOUGHT MAYBE  
YOU MIGHT BECAUSE  
HE'S YOUR  
BOSS, TOO.



YOU  
KNOW...



Lord  
Weterlackus

ALTHOUGH  
WE HAVE NEVER MET,  
YOU OWE ME A  
GREAT DEAL.

NEXT  
MONTH:

YES  
WE SAID  
"NEXT MONTH"

BLOOD

ON THE

SNOW!



# ZOOMTOWN

GEAR! HEAR ME,  
GEAR! THIS TIM OF THE  
ROAD PHAROHS SPEAKING! WE  
KNOW YOU HAVE CINDY LU AND  
ELLEN BECKER IN THERE! WE  
KNOW YOU STOLE OUR  
MARIJUANA PLANTS AND  
MICROCHIPS! YOU HAVE TEN  
MINUTES TO COUGH 'EM  
UP OR YOU'LL BE  
SORRRRRRRY!

MIKE BARON  
WRITER/CREATOR  
RICK STASI  
PENCILLER  
GARY MARTIN  
INKER  
WILLIE SCHUBERT  
LETTERER  
LINDA LESSMANN  
COLORIST  
MIKE GOLD  
EDITOR  
DOUG RICE  
HARDWARE  
CONSULTANT



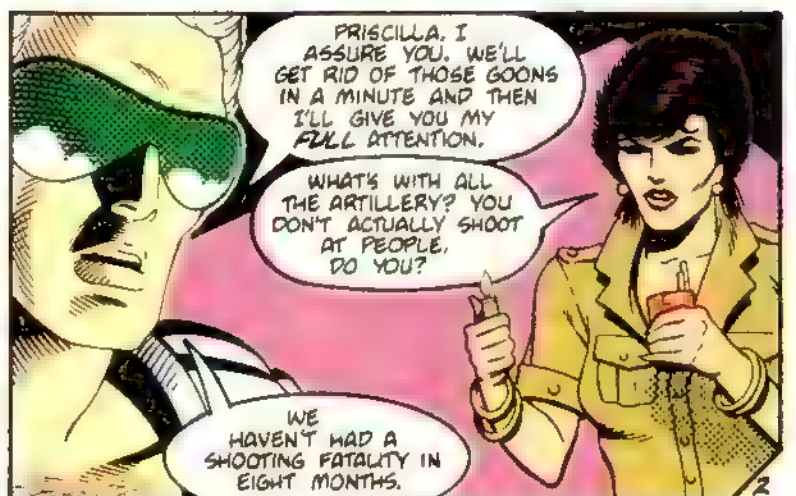
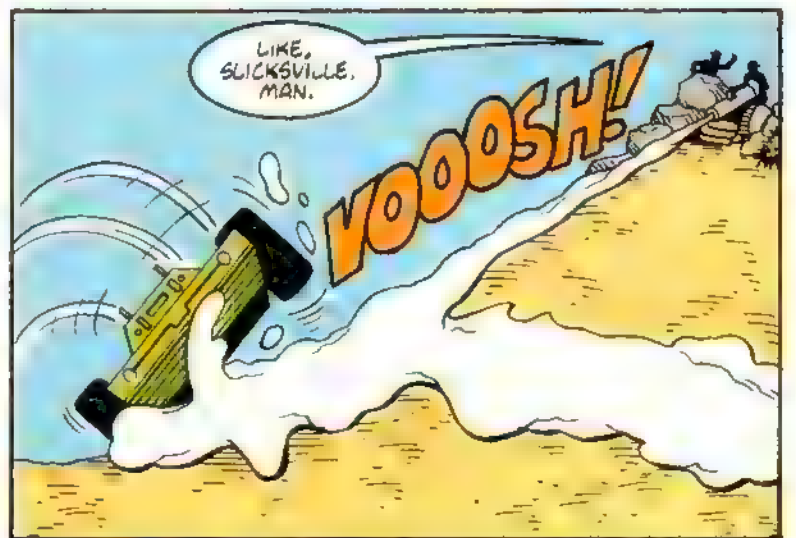
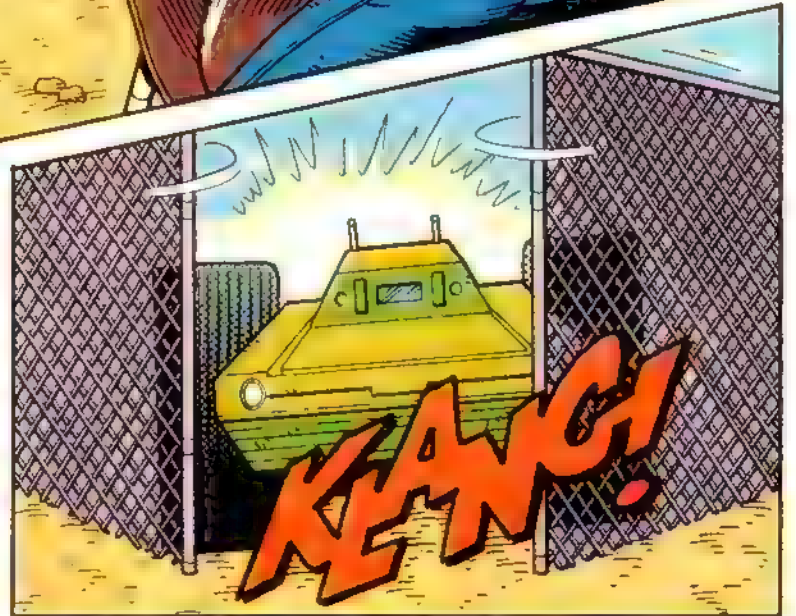
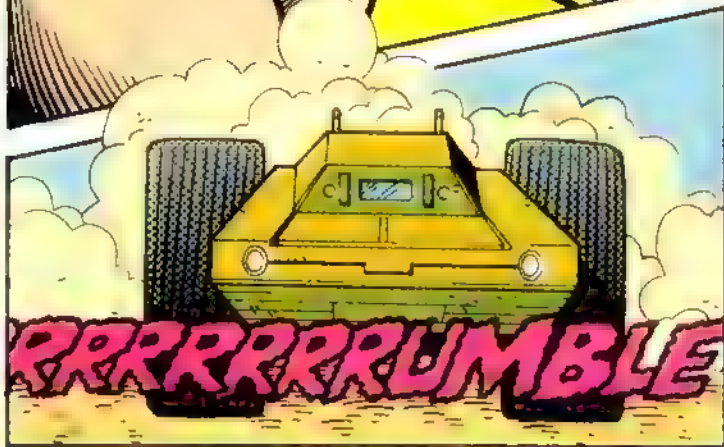
BUZZ  
OFF TIM.  
YOU'RE OUT  
OF LINE.

THOSE  
WOMEN CAME OVER  
OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL!  
AS FOR THAT OTHER STUFF--  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT.

YOU  
BOYS GET  
READY WITH THE  
FOAM GUNS--I  
DON'T THINK TIM'S  
GOING TO JUST  
LEAVE.





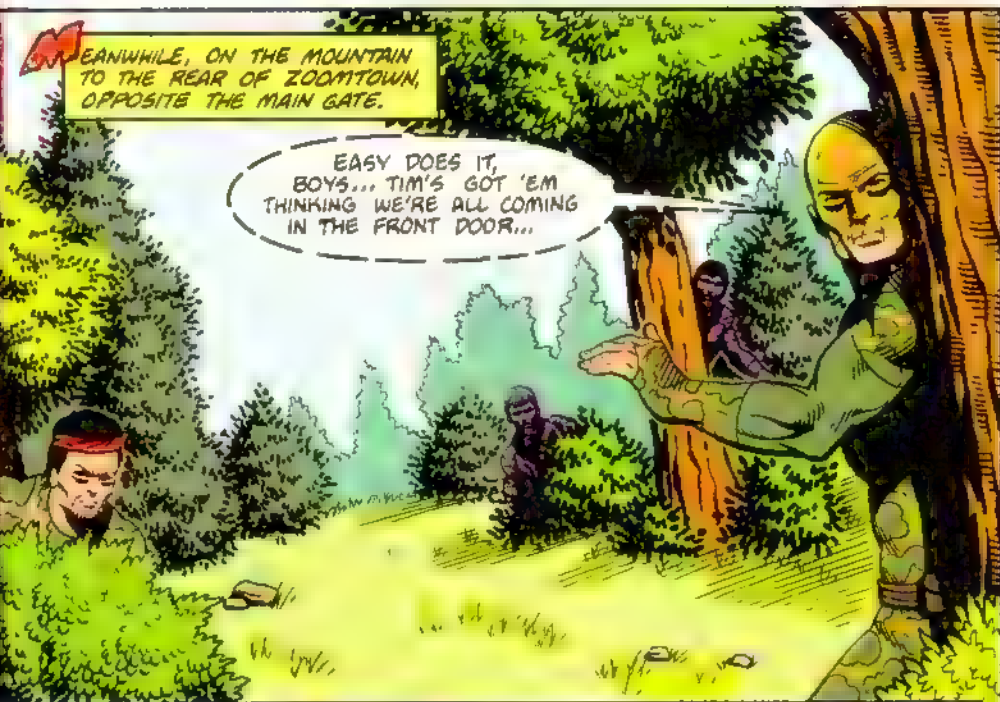






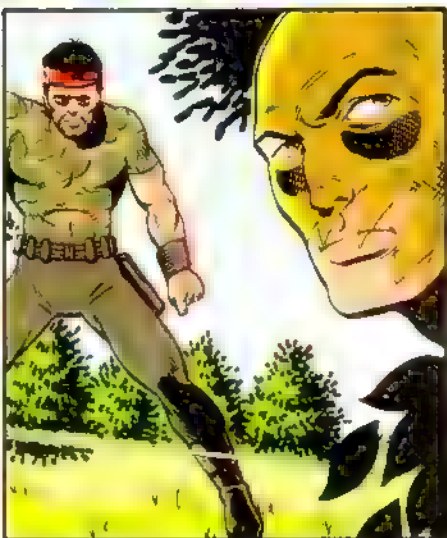
O-KAY!  
I'VE STUMBLED  
INTO NORTH  
JONESTOWN. I'LL  
JUST HAVE TO  
STUMBLE OUT  
AGAIN...

NOW,  
WHILE THEY'RE  
ALL OCCUPIED.



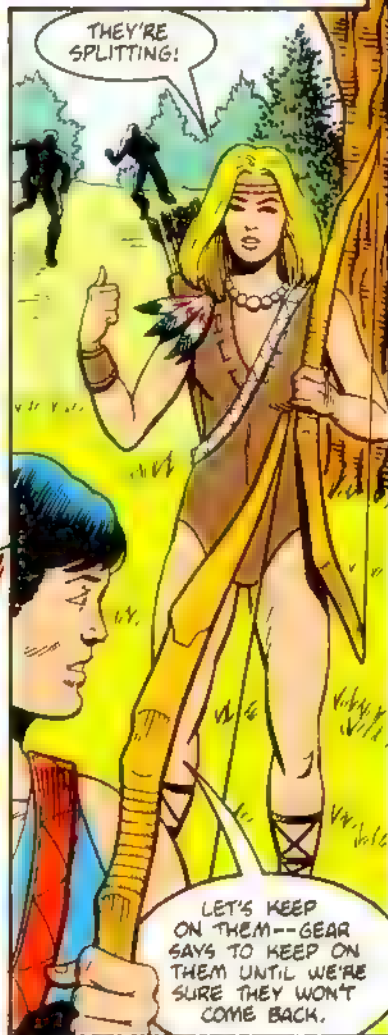
MEANWHILE, ON THE MOUNTAIN  
TO THE REAR OF ZOONMTOWN,  
OPPOSITE THE MAIN GATE.

EASY DOES IT,  
BOYS... TIM'S GOT 'EM  
THINKING WE'RE ALL COMING  
IN THE FRONT DOOR...



LOOK  
OUT!

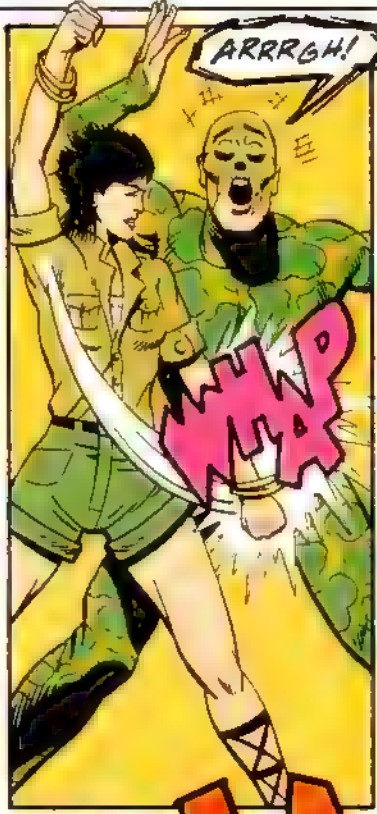
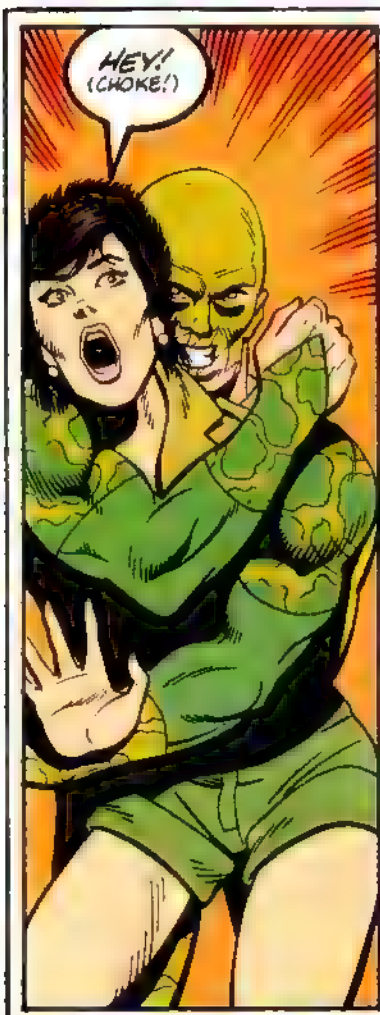
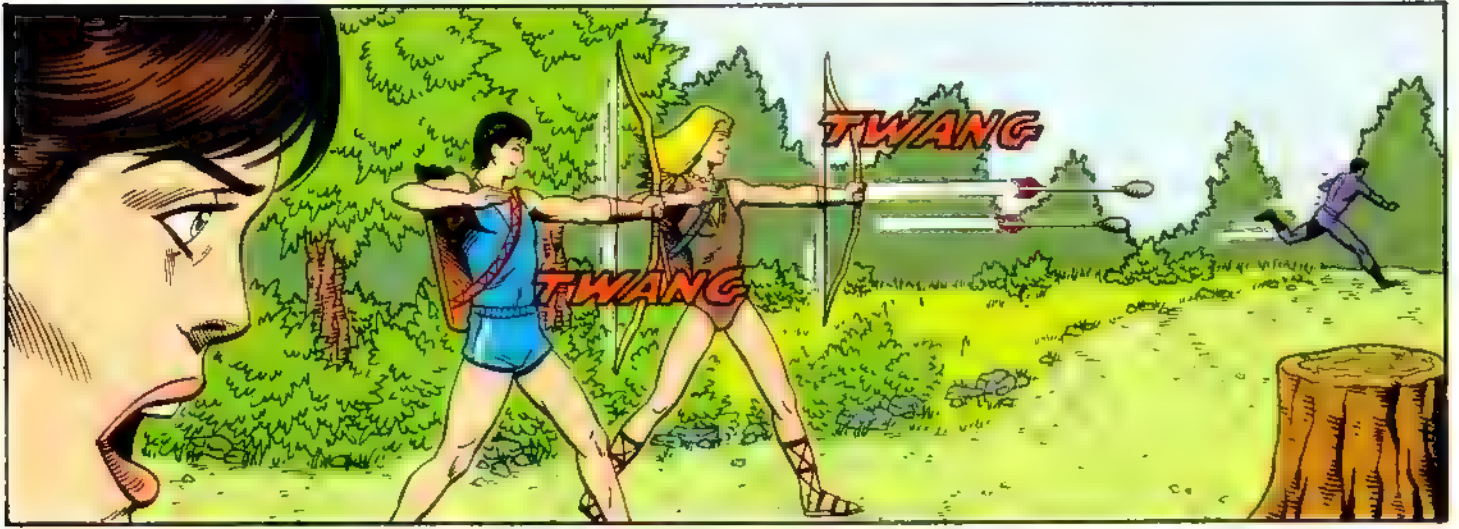
SHUT  
UP!



THEY'RE  
SPLITTING!

LET'S KEEP  
ON THEM--GEAR  
SAYS TO KEEP ON  
THEM UNTIL WE'RE  
SURE THEY WON'T  
COME BACK.













HELLO, JESSICA...

AW, I SAW YOU MILES AGO!

THIS IS A NEW GUEST-- PRISCILLA.



WOW! GOSH! YOU'RE PRETTY!

THANKS, JESSICA. SO ARE YOU.

WANT TO GO HUNTING OR SOMETHING?

UH, MAYBE LATER.



WE'RE UP HERE GROWING OUR OWN FOOD, RAISING OUR KIDS-- CAUSE OF THE BREAKDOWN DOWN BELOW. HI, BARTLY!

HELLO THERE, CHASTITY. HELLO, PRETTY LADY.

DOWN BELOW?

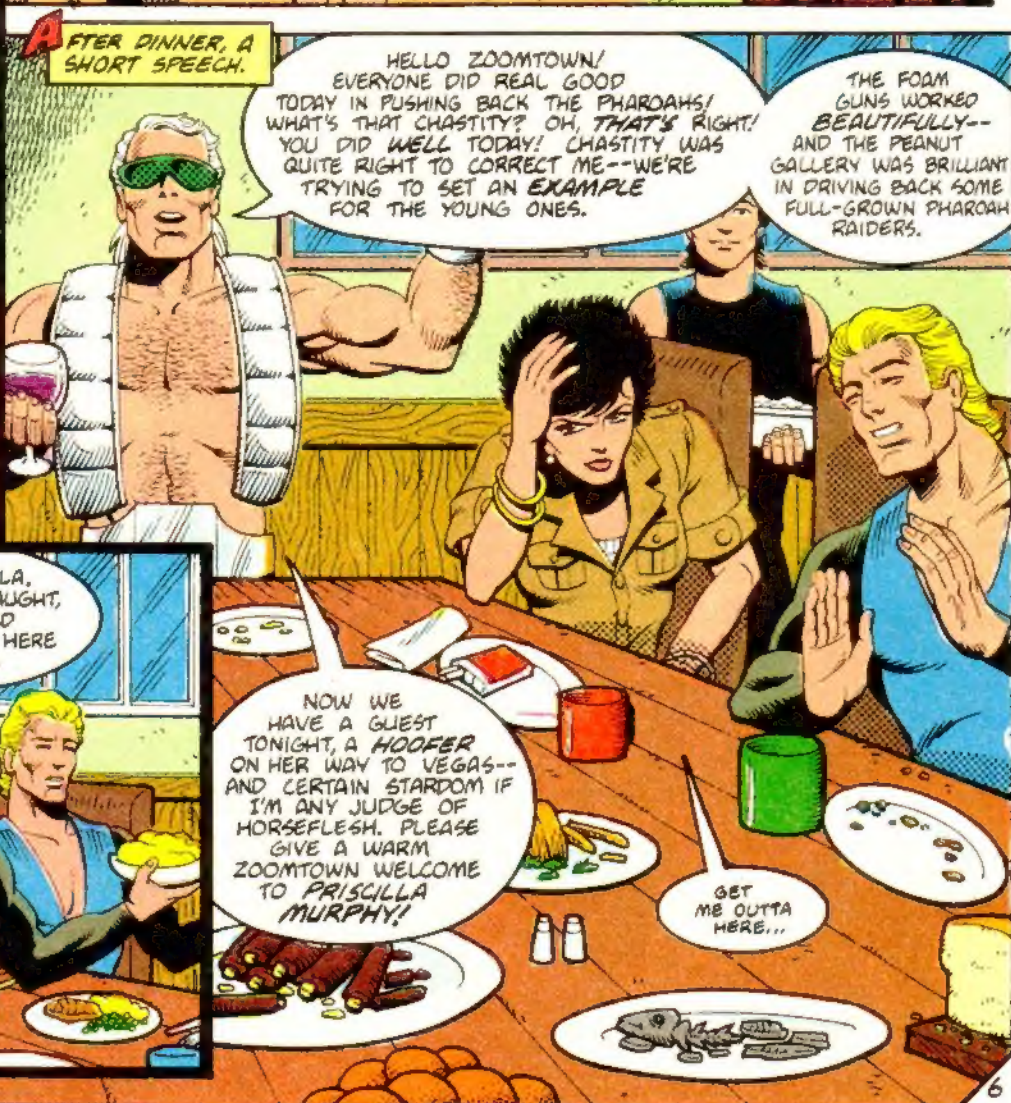
DOWN IN THE CITIES AND TOWNS, SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION. PREPARED FOOD! BIG OIL! BIG GOVERNMENT! THE MEDIA! THE WHOLE KIT AND KABOODLE IS ABOUT TO COME CRASHING DOWN.

YEAH, I KIND OF FEEL THE SAME WAY, SOMETIMES.



THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER. THE WHOLE UGLY MESS IS GOING TO DISINTEGRATE, AND WE'LL BE SAFE AND SOUND, THANKS TO THE GEAR.

Mm-hmmmm.



AFTER DINNER, A SHORT SPEECH.

HELLO ZOOMTOWN! EVERYONE DID REAL GOOD TODAY IN PUSHING BACK THE PHAROAHS! WHAT'S THAT CHASTITY? OH, THAT'S RIGHT! YOU DID WELL TODAY! CHASTITY WAS QUITE RIGHT TO CORRECT ME--WE'RE TRYING TO SET AN EXAMPLE FOR THE YOUNG ONES.

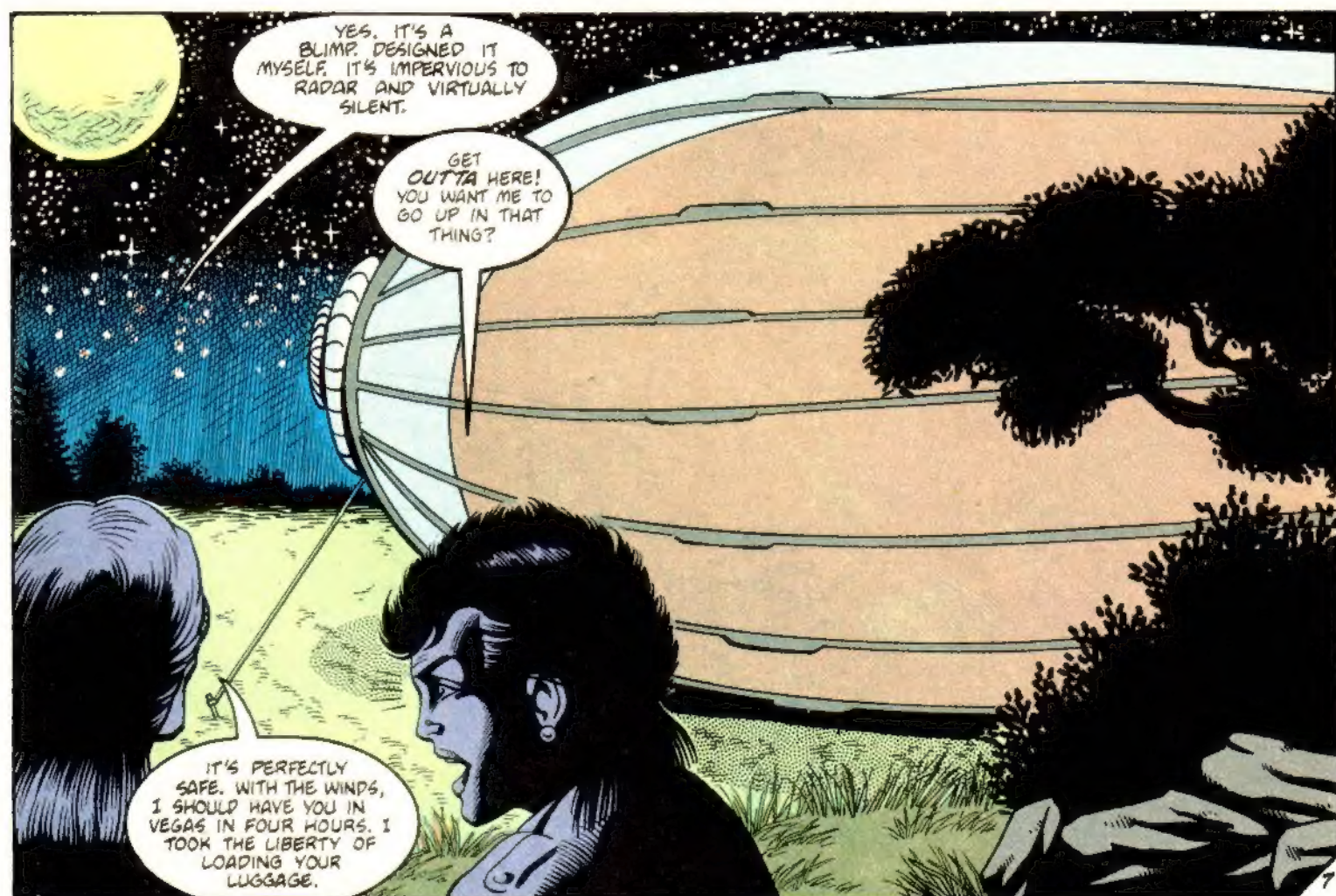
THE FORM GUNS WORKED BEAUTIFULLY-- AND THE PEANUT GALLERY WAS BRILLIANT IN DRIVING BACK SOME FULL-GROWN PHAROAH RAIDERS.

EAT UP, PRISCILLA. WE GREW, SHOT, CAUGHT, BREWED OR BAKED EVERYTHING RIGHT HERE IN ZOOMTOWN.

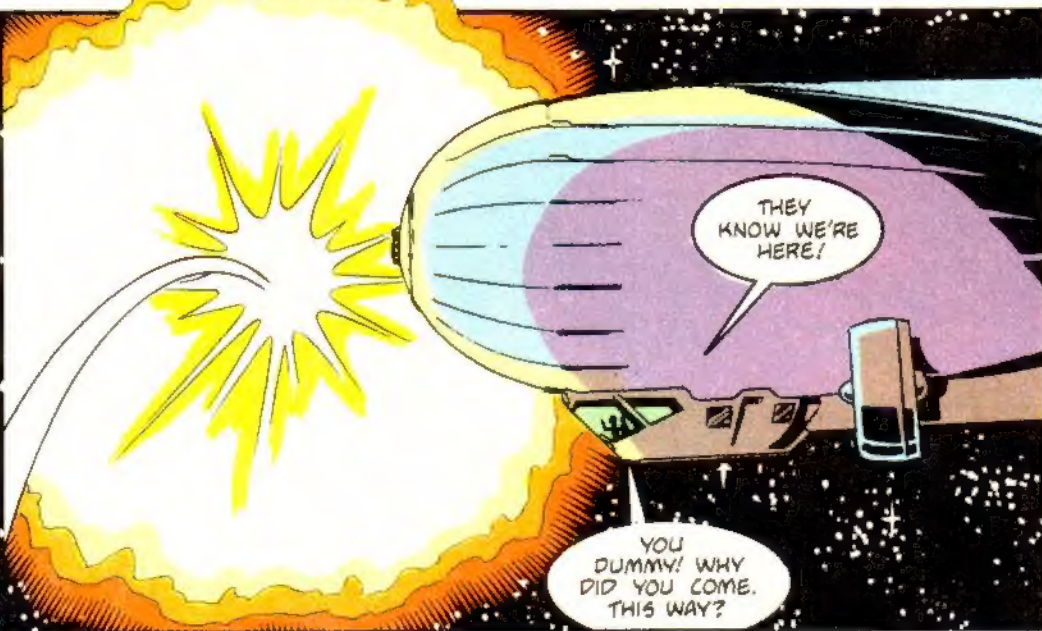
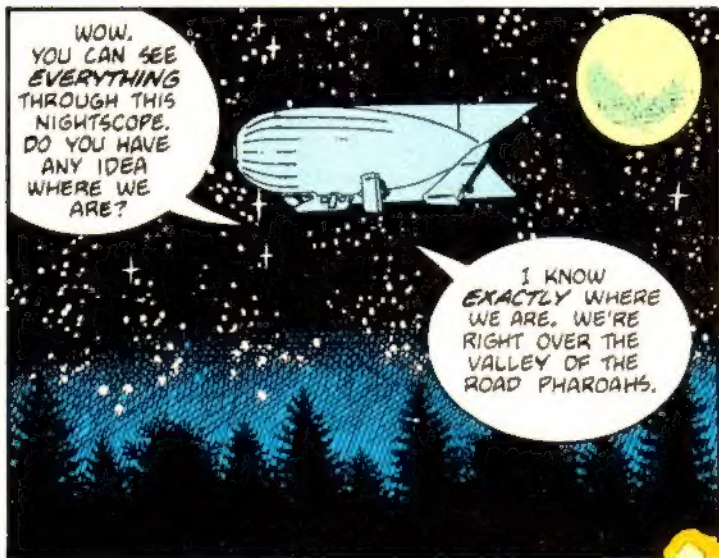
NOW WE HAVE A GUEST TONIGHT, A HOOVER ON HER WAY TO VEGAS-- AND CERTAIN STARDOM IF I'M ANY JUDGE OF HORSEFLESH. PLEASE GIVE A WARM ZOOMTOWN WELCOME TO PRISCILLA MURPHY!

GET ME OUTTA HERE...









NEXT MONTH: **TERROR** *IN THE* **AIR!**